

Coffee house conversation out here centered on washing machines until the Super Bowl Game got so close. Two old boys had been fussing every morning over who had the best machine. Neither one of them goes to the trouble of bringing their washers down to the cafe to have a match; it looked as if we were going to be listening to the argument the rest of the winter.

Football, like I started to say, changed the subject. A couple of hombres were really wound up this morning, the day before the Super Bowl. In the time it takes to drink one cup of coffee, they covered the details of the 1970 pro season. Few dressing room attendants have ever heard such an authoritative discussion of plays and players. Lots of coaches have retired from the game without enjoying the confidence shown by these Shortgrassers.

I didn't pay too much attention to the chatter until the fellow talking the loudest said that he thought that the Cowboys were going to win. Of course I knew he didn't mean the kind of cowboys that used to wander around on these ranches out here, but the name did make me start thinking about how many times things starting with the word "cow" or the letter "c" had ended up being a loser.

So, during their half time intermission, I popped off and asked the herder doing the most talking if he was going to be on this team called the Cowboys.

He said yes, he'd bet a sack of 32% cow feed that the Cowboys won. And I mean for you to understand he didn't waste any time making the offer.

It was too late to back out. So I told him I'd bet him two mineral blocks that he'd picked the wrong team. As a rule of life, I normally wouldn't bet two mineral blocks that football players were capable of having athlete's foot, much less what the outcome of a football game would be. But you know what you'll risk to keep from backing out in front of crowd. Many a time I've wished my mother had told the doctor to take out my tongue instead of my tonsils.

As you probably know, my team is going to be a bunch called the Baltimore Colts. By the time you get this, you'll also know the results.

What you won't know is how long it's going to be before I get caught betting again on which team of 11 men is going to trample down 11 more men in four quarters. Well, I can tell you. It's going to be just about as long as it'd take my old horse Blucher and me to ride to the craters of the moon.

Laying off part of the bet will be impossible. City folks don't understand an economy that has to use livestock feed for money, and country people know better than to become further involved.

Hanging around coffee houses sure can teach a man bad habits.